HOPE:

A

Poetical ESSAY

ON

That CHRISTIAN Grace.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Τῇ ἐλπίδι χαίροντες.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
MDCCXIV

TO THE

Right Reverend Father in GOD,

ISAAC

Lord Bishop of *Worcester.*

MY LORD,

THE Subject of the following ESSAY is HOPE; the Christian's *Hope of Immortality*: A Theme of no less Concernment to the most Wealthy and Powerful, than to the Poor and destitute of all worldly Comfort: being That, as your LORDSHIP well knows, which

muſt fix all earthly Happineſs on a ſolid Baſe; and without which, *we are of all Men moſt miſerable.* The Deſign therefore ſufficiently recommends itſelf; but the Execution of it, I fear, ſtands in great need of ſome *Eminent Name* to patronize it, and pre-engage the Reader's Indulgence. Your LORDSHIP was pleas'd to honour me with *One*, moſt eminent, both in the Chriſtian and Learned World, which unmerited Favour is thus humbly acknowledged by,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

Moſt Dutiful,

Moſt Obliged,

and Obedient Servant,

T. Morell.

HOPE:

A POEM.

LOOK down, Thou ever-chearful Cherub, HOPE;
If Thou can'ſt ſpare one Moment, from the Bliſs
Of thy foretaſted Heav'n, to beam a Glance
Of influential Radiance on my Soul,
Look down;— That ſinging Thee, I may enjoy
Thyſelf, Thyſelf my Song and my Reward.
Reward how Great! if Thou inſpire the Bard
With fit Addreſs; ſweet as the Charms of * HEALTH,
And as the * SEASONS ſtrong; if higher yet,
Ambition bid aſpire, among the Sons - -
Of matchleſs MILTON; as my Function prompts
A Nobler Theme; (a Theme, as yet unſung,
Tho' more Delightful, and of more Concern,
Than the moſt glowing Page of *Pagan* Lore;)

* The celebrated Poems under theſe Titles.

What more of my *Urania* can I aſk,
Than the Seraphic Spirit, that guides, O YOUNG,
The ſolemn Numbers of thy *Plaintive* Muſe?
Whoſe every Page, big with important Truths,
Expands a Volume; while each well-weigh'd Word
Demands a Pauſe; ---for Thought to cóntemplate
The latent Beauties, by the tranſient Eye
Seen not, but in the Mind's reflective Glaſs.
Not becauſe dark, but deep; 'tis Nature's Voice,
But *here* She ſpeaks the Language of the *Soul*,
Sublime, reſiſtleſs Eloquence! Such known
To Thoſe, who *Seek* to know. The docil Heart
Is ſtruck, as with the Sound of Midnight Bell,
Or Voice of Warning Angel.---Hark! the Theme
Is *Time* Miſ-ſpent, inevitable *Death*,
And an *Eternity*,--perhaps, of Woe.
Tremendous Thought! indulg'd, how ſorely felt!
Yet the more felt, leſs hurtful!---To feel Pain
From the Inciſion-Knife, gives Hope of Cure.
But in ſeverer Pain, the Pain of Guilt,
Which ſpreads a Chilling Horror thro' the Veins,
And ſhakes the feeble Frame of Man; ah! Where

Shall

Shall He find Eaſe, Self-troubled, Self-condemn'd?
Where a bright Beam, to drive this horrid Gloom?
Where Medicine for this Sickneſs, Medicine fit
To ſooth the Pangs of a diſtemper'd Mind?
Where, but in Thee, kind HOPE?---Thy *Balm* alone,
Sweet Lenitive of Miſery, can Cure
Where Art and Medicine ceaſe, the wounded Soul.
Let the ſick Heart, ſollicitous of Health,
And Patient of due Labour, in the Means,

Not.

Ver. 37. Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipſi
Diſplicet autori, prima hæc eſt ultio, quòd, ſe
Judice, nemo nocens abſolvitur; improba quamvis
Gratia fallacis Prætoris vicerit urnam. JUVEN. Sat. 15.

Ver. 40. *Corpora curari poſſunt; animorum nulla medicina eſt.* CIC. Tuſc. 3. *The Body, when diſeaſed, may be cured; but no Medicinal Art can reach the Diſeaſes of the Mind.*

Nec prius hi mentem ſtimuli, quam vita, relinquent;
Quique dolet citius, quam dolor ipſe, cadet. OVID. de Pont.

From whence, I preſume, Dr. YOUNG:

And Sighs ſhall ſooner fail, than Cauſe to ſigh. *Compl.* 1.

Ver. 41. Sola ſpes *hominem in miſeriis conſolari ſolet.* CIC. in Catalin. Hope *is the ſole, the common Conſolation of Men in Miſery.*

Ver. 43. Sæpe aliquem ſolers medicorum cura relinquit,
Nec ſpes huic, venâ deficiente, cadit. OVID. de Pont. l. 1.

Oft, when Phyſicians leave the bloodleſs Veins,
And Art can do no more, kind Hope remains.

Ver. 44. Pars ſanitatis, velle ſanari, fuit.
A Deſire to be heal'd, is half the Cure. SEN. Hippol.

Ver. 45. Οὔτε γυνὴ χωρὶς ἀνδρὸς, οὔτε ἐλπὶς ἀγαθὴ χωρὶς πόνου, γίγνεταί τι χρήσιμον. *Neque mulier ſine viro, neque bona ſpes abſque labore, utile quicquam parit.* SOCRAT. Xenoph.

Not without Pray'r for *Grace* (for HOPE is *Grace*,)
Taſte, from above, thy Cordial Promiſes,
Thy ſweet balſamic Truths, and all is well.
As when the Combatant, in *Pythian* Fields,
Bruis'd by the ſteel-clinch'd Fiſt, and ſmear'd with Blood,
Looks wiſhful on the Corruptible Prize;
A *Crown of Olive* mitigates the Pang.
Much more thy Sovereign Balm, all-healing HOPE;
Much more thy Crown of never-fading Glory.
Patience, (who calls Thee, Parent,) when aſſail'd
On every Side by Troubles, makes thine Arm
Her Pillow, and ſinks gently into Reſt;
Or rais'd by thy all-chearing Smile, lifts up
Her Head, in Triumph o'er ſevere Diſtreſs;
The more ſevere, the more confirm'd her Joy.
Fear flies before thy Preſence, and the Miſts
Of

Ver. 46. *Si ultra ſe humanitas nequit aſcendere, quantum imbecillitas ſubtrahit, vota ſupplebunt.* BOET. de Fin. lib. 10. *As Humanity cannot poſſibly aſcend above itſelf, that which is wanting in our Infirmity, muſt, as it certainly will, be ſupplied by our pious Devotions.* ZACH. xii. 10. ROM. viii. 26. 1 JOH. v. 14.

Ver. 52. I. COR. ix. 25. *Futurorum ſpes laborantibus requiem parit, ſicut in agone poſitis dolorem mitigat ſpes corona.* ORIG. Hom. 9.

Ver. 60. ——————Gaudet patientia duris.
Lætius eſt, quoties magno ſibi conſtat, honeſtum.
LUCAN. l. 9.

Of dizzy doubt Diſſolve, as dewy Clouds
Before the orient Beam; when on the Wings
Of Joy, and Health, the Day-ſpring from on high
Viſits the Heart of Man with ſmiling Ray.
Ah! Whence this flutt'ring Troop of aery Shapes,
That ſkim aloft, an interceptive Cloud!
Avaunt, ye Earthborn Sifters, oft miſtook,
In various Workings on the teeming Brain,
For Heav'n's fair Offspring; oft, as ſuch, careſs'd
By Men of fond Conceit; that ſomething *Here*,
On Earth, the *Reign* of Frailty, Change, and Death,
Deſerves the Name of Happy, Great, or Good.
Thus ye invade the Rights of Heav'n, and turn
Subſtantial Joy to Viſion; when, by Dreams
Of countleſs *Gain*, ye ſtore the ſtately Ship;
And, for a while, perhaps, with wanton Breath
Swell the broad Sails; *now* flutt'ring in their Pride,
Now ſcatter'd Fragments on the faithleſs Deep:

Or

Ver. 79. Veniet claſſis, quocunque vocarit
Spes lucri———— Juv. Sat. 14.

————Nihil eſt audere relictum.
Quæſtus naufragio petitur, corpuſque profundo
Immiſſum pariter quam præda exquiritur ipſa.
Manil. l. 5.

Quæremus lucrum navis, mortemque ſequemur
In prædas; pudeat tanto bona velle caduca. Ibid.

Or fiercely fire the Hero, (not, as erſt,
Harneſs'd in Armour, but with naked Front,)
To face the Thund'ring Batteries, and march
With Foot intrepid o'er the Deathful Mine;
In queſt of, Valour's gewgaw Guerdon, *Fame.*
Or with your pleaſing Sorcery enchant
The watchful Student, waſting Time and Oyl,
In poring o'er the Legends of the Dead,
With an hydropic Thirſt of *knowing more*;
His Mind ſtill roving, as the Mountain-Goat
In ſearch of Food; when He, for ſomething New,
Still to another Wood, another Hill,
Directs his ever-reſtleſs Step.—Theſe, theſe,
And Thouſand more of Chymic ſtrain, ye draw,
Like

Ver. 84. —— Quem cepit vitrea Fama,
Hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.
HOR. Sat. l. 2.

—— The Slave to Fame,
Is ſo tranſported with the various Sound
Of Drums and Trumpets, that his Brains turn round.
BROME.

—— Ut fanaticus æſtro
Percuſſus, Bellona, tuo. —— JUVEN. Sat. 4.

Ver. 89. I thought this *Simile* from *Manilius* would ſuit the *Scholar* as well as the *Sailor*, and have applied it accordingly. ——

His etiam ingenium, viſendi ignota cupido:
Ut nova per monteſq ruunt arbuſta Capellæ
Semper, & ulterius paſcentes tendere gaudent.
MANIL. l. 5.

Like Lovers, to the Lure, with a ſmooth Smile.
Ye Paraſites of Thought! What are your Smiles?
If falſe; how dear is the Deluſion bought,
With Penury, with Shame, with various Deaths,
Repentance unavailing! And if True;
The Fruits, how far beneath a wiſe Man's Choice,
Whoſe Mind, with Heav'n and Happineſs in View,
Riſes from Earth, and *ſoars at Infinite?*
Riches, Fame, Knowledge! Change the wordy Sound,
'Tis Danger, empty Air, and endleſs Toil.
Enjoys the *Vulture* HOPKINS of his Pelf
More than his *Heir Unborn?*---Beyond the Grave
'Tis all a Cypher.---See his parting Ghoſt,
Catching at ſhadowy Bags, which now elude
His empty Graſp, and He indignant finds,
They

Ver. 99. *Avaritia pecuniæ ſtudium habet:* Quam nemo ſapiens concupivit. (SALL. Bell. Catalin.) Which in the laſt, moſt elegant, Tranſlation, is thus render'd:

—*The Object of Avarice is* Money, for which no wiſe Man ever entertain'd a Paſſion.

Ver. 100. The late Mr. *Hopkins* (who actually left his *immenſe Fortune* to the Child Unborn) ſtands diſtinguiſh'd by this Title in one of Mr. *Pope*'s ESSAYS: Who, I ſuppoſe, took it from that of *Callicles* in *Plautus*:

Turpilucri cupidum te vocant cives tui;
Tum autem ſunt alii, qui te *Vulturium* vocant.
PLAUT. in Trin.

They were not *his* Poſſeſſions, but the World's.
Or does the *Lion* MARLBRO' hear the Sound
Of loud-tongu'd *Fame*, recording humbled *France*?
He hears it not, or, hearing with Diſdain,
Waits his Reward, when *Fame* ſhall ſpeak no more.
And what can *Knowledge*, rational Delight?
What can *Philoſophy*, the Soul's chief Food?
O wondrous NEWTON, ſay, wou'dſt Thou *now* ſoar,
Eagle of Science, on a loftier Wing
Than the *unletter'd* Bleſt, had'ſt Thou not taught
Knowledge, to *know*? To know, is to *believe*,
And to believe, to *act*, like you, the Deeds
Of *Moral* Duty, founded on the *Will*.

Of

Ver. 109. Sed vocat uſq; ſuum, —— tanquam
Sit proprium cuiquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſuprema
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.
HOR. Ep. l. 2.

Ver. 112. ——— That fine Reflection, upon *Pompey the Great*, after his Deceaſe, will ſerve both this, and the following Example.

———illic, poſtquam ſe lumine vero
Implevit, ſtellaſq; vagas miratur, & aſtra
Fixa polis, vidit quantâ ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitq; ſui ludibria trunci.
LUCAN. l. 9.

Of God Supreme, his *Will* the Supreme Law,
Belief, and Moral Rectitude, and Truth,
Are *Wealth, Fame, Knowledge*, every Thing, in HOPE:
That Heavenly HOPE, which points out their Reward,
In Bliss eternal; and with powerful Charms
Engaging Expectation, fills the Mind.
Thrice happy, when so fill'd! all Entrance shut
To rude Intrusion from those *Waking Dreams*,
That pleasingly enslave the *Worldly Wise*;
Whose HOPE is *Gold*; *fine Gold, their Confidence*.

C HOPE,

Ver. 122. I know this Opinion has been greatly controverted; but till I see the Arguments advanced by Mr. WARBURTON (Div. Leg. 37, 46, 53.) Mr. LAW (*King's Orig. of Evil*) and others of the same Side, more fully answered, than I have as yet seen them; I shall maintain, that the Deity must not, cannot be excluded from any Scheme of *Morality* whatever; and that nothing else can denominate our Actions *fit and right*, but their Agreeableness to the *Will* of God (when known to us,) whereby they become *the most proper Means to the best End*.

Ver. 124. Verum decus in virtute positum est. CIC. Fam. Ep. 10.

Virtus est præmium optimum;
Virtus omnibus rebus anteit profectò;
Virtus omnia in se habet, omnia adsunt bona,
Quem penes est virtus——— PLAUT. in Amphitr.

V. 129. *Aristotle* being asked, What is *Hope?* replied, as his Master *Plato* had said before him, Ἐγρηγόρσεως ἐνύπνιον (So *Pindar*, Ἐγρηγορότων ἐνύπνια·) Which Definition St. *Basil* mightily commends. And indeed all *Hope* was little more than a *waking Dream*, before *Life and Immortality*, and all the glorious Hopes of Heaven, *were brought to Light by the Gospel*. 2 TIM. vi. 16.

Hope, not to be reſtrain'd by Fear of Death;
Or the more weighty Fears, — of Sin, — of God;
But grant Attainment; rich, as *Mammon*'s Dream
In Twenty-One; and with as little Pains:
Still, like the *Lines*, that, ever drawing near,
Indefinitely Lengthen'd, never meet;
Wiſh after Wiſh inclines to fancied Bliſs,
But meets it not, through the whole Length of Life;
And when, Life ended, ends the Dream; the Wretch
Awakes aghaſt, and finds himſelf Undone.
True Happineſs muſt from *Perfection* riſe;
But ſay, did ever Citizen of Earth
In earthly Bleſſings find this precious *Pearl*?
Weak, mutable, and diſproportionate
To the high Heav'n-born Soul, they *perfect* not
The complex Nature of *immortal* Man;

Nor

Ver. 131. Job xxxi. 24.

Ver. 133. It was an Obſervation of *Socrates*, that Αἱ πονηραὶ ἐλπίδες, ὥσπερ οἱ κακοὶ ὁδηγοὶ, ἐπὶ τὰ ἁμαρτήματα ἄγουσιν. Stobæ. Serm. 109. *Evil Hopes, like ill-deſigning Guides, lead their Followers into all manner of Wickedneſs.*

Ver. 136. The *Aſymptotes*; which are Lines that approach nearer and nearer to ſome Curve, of which they are ſaid to be the *Aſymptotes*; and which, tho' they and the Curve were indefinitely continued, would never meet.

Nor ſerve, as Means, to the ſole End of Being.
Why then this Triumph? this ſucceſsful Boaſt?
Man, with gigantic Pride, in pygmy Form,
Vaunts of his great Exploits; while Angels mourn
His groveling Art: to ſee the *Vain* of Life
Excite his Paſſions; and, alone, employ
In Idleneſs, or Folly's guilty Sports,
Angelic Faculties; the nobleſt Gifts
By Heav'n deſign'd, for Service worthy Heav'n:
To cheriſh Thee, celeſtial HOPE; to learn
Thy myſtic Truths, and ever keep in Eye
Thy great, thy glorious Promiſe of Reward:
The ſureſt Means of Happineſs on Earth,
The ſureſt Guide to Happineſs in Heav'n.
Come then, Thou holy Maid, and with pure Flame
Inſpire my Breaſt, anticipating Joy
In thy Embrace, commens'rate to the Soul.
Life were not Life without Thee, tho' adorn'd
With *Perſian* Equipage; or pamper'd with
The pompous Luxuries of *Greekiſh Rome*;
The choiceſt Delicacies Art can form,

Or Nature yield, to ſpoil, or pleaſe the Taſte.
Life were not Life without Thee, tho' endow'd
With Senſes, equal to the bold Deſires
The moſt luxurious Fancy e'er cou'd prompt,
Or Royal Affluence gratify at large.
Hear we *Experience*, the Supreme of Seers,
Thus ſumming up the Reveries of Age:
All, All is Vanity, Veration All.
Shall we compare the ever-tempting Juice
Of Grapes high-flavour'd, to the *living Spring*,
With wondrous Virtues ſo benignly ſtor'd,
That whoſo Taſteth, *never Thirſteth more?*
Shall we compare the periſhable Pomp
Of Wordly Grandeur, to the *golden Flood*
Of Endleſs Day, where bathe the Souls *of Men*
Made perfect, in unalienable Bliſs?

Or

Ver. 176. *Video*, inquam, *nec opibus ſufficientiam, nec regnis potentiam, nec reverentiam dignitatibus, nec celebritatem gloria, nec lætitiam voluptatibus poſſe contingere.* Boet. lib. iii. pr. 9.

I ſe wel nowe, that Suffyſaunce may not comen by Rychesſe, ne Power by Realmes, ne Reverence by Dignytees, ne Gentylleſſe by Glory, ne Joye by Delyces. Chaucer.

Ver. 180. Cant. iv. 15. Jer. ii. 13. Zech. xiv. 8. John iv. 10. Rev. vii. 17.

Ver. 184. Heb. xii. 23.

Or the dim Diamond's Luſtre, to the Blaze
Of ſtarry Crowns, Wreaths of immortal Glory?
Shall we compare this inharmonious Scene
Of Toil and Trouble, Follies, Paſſions, Cares,
To the pure Joys of Heav'n; where the glad Eye
Is never ſullied with the ſtarting Tear;
Where Grief ne'er comes, that comes to all below;
Nor the diſtreſsful Cries of Pain are heard;
But *Hallelujahs*, ceaſeleſs Songs of Praiſe,
And loud *Hoſanna*'s, through the bliſsful Realms,
In one eternal Jubilee, reſound?
Theſe are thy Views, all-chearing HOPE; from Theſe
Spring ſweet Complacency, and calm Content.
Thou Univerſal Good! Thou trueſt Friend;
Joy to Affliction, Bounty to Diſtreſs!
Thou Friend to All; of all, but Thee, bereft!
Unerring

Ver. 184. HEB. xii. 23.

Ver. 190. ISAI. xxv. 8. REV. vii. 17. —xxi. 4.

Ver. 195. REV. iv. 4. —viii. 10.

Ver. 200. *Thales* being aſked, Τι κοινοτατον; *What is moſt common to all Men?* replied, *Hope*; ἡ γαρ οἱς ἄλλο μηδεν ἄυτη παρεςιν. *For They enjoy This, who have nothing elſe in the World.*

And the Reply of *Alexander* the Great is worthy Notice; when having made large Donations to his Captains and Men of Worth, *Parmenio* aſked him, *What he intended to keep for himſelf?* He anſwer'd, *Hope.*

Unerring Pilot to the Port of Peace;
Where howl no Winds, nor toſſing Tempeſts roar:
If juſt, and humble, with an Eye erect
Toward Heav'n, and *Thee*, our polar Star, we ſteer
The beaten Veſſel thro' the *Tide of Life.*
Fugitive Dream of Unſubſtantial Bliſs;
Yet in no Rank ſecure from *real* Woe!
Come then, Thou Charmer of my Soul, and teach
Thy humble Supplicant the Uſe of Life,
As not abuſing it; an equal Mind,
Or with inclement Skies, or with ſerene.
Teach Him to break through this involving Cloud,
This murky Veil of Fleſh, with piercing Eye:
And ever keep *Futurity* in View,
Imag'd

Ver. 201. Huc omnes pariter venite capti,
Quos fallax ligat improba catenis,
Terrenas habitans libido mentes.
Hîc erit vobis requies laborum;
Hîc portus placidâ manens quiete;
Hoc potens unum miſeris aſylum. BOET. l. 3. met. 9.

Ver. 209. 1 Cor. vii. 31.

V. 214. *Spes in æternitatem animum erigit.* GREG. in Moral.

Di

Imag'd by Thee, in all the radiant Pomp
Of Glory; a diffuſive Scene of Joy
Ineffable. ---Teach Him with lively *Faith*
And duteous *Love*, (thy Kindred, HOPE, perhaps
My future Theme,) to worſhip, and adore
His Maker, GOD; the *Sum* of Happineſs.

This we *Religion* call; but, uninform'd
By Thee, Religion into Folly ſinks,
Schemeleſs, vain, brutal: Or, if not ſuſtain'd
By thy enlivening Views, (a gracious God ----
Pard'ning on Means,--the Means himſelf hath ſhewn,)
Riſes to *Madneſs*, more deſtructive Ill!
As when the bold *Itinerant* pours forth
His wordy Pathos, big with horrid Threats
Of all-devouring Hell; the vulgar Ear
Catches the dreadful Sound, with deep Diſmay;
And the poor conſcious Wretch, with Eye upturn'd
To the *Extreme* of Juſtice, *feels* not HOPE,

Or

Da fontem luſtrare boni, da luce repertâ,
In te conſpicuos animi defigere viſus;
Disjice terrenæ nebulas & pondera molis,
Atque tuo ſplendore mica: Tu namque ſerenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis—— BOET. l. 3. met. 9.

Or feeling, *heeds it not*; and ſtrait concludes
That partial Hell *blows all her Fires* for Him:
Till the weak Fibres of the lab'ring Brain
Burſting with ſtrong Ideas, much too ſtrong
For Ignorance to cope with; He is deem'd
A Nuſance to the Commonweal, and dragg'd
To Purgatorial *Bedlam*; there to rave,
With gnaſhing Teeth, clinch'd Fiſt, Fire-flaſhing Eyes,
And all the Agonies of wild Deſpair;
Or lolling ſtupidly on the loaded Arm,
Waſte his inactive Days in ſullen Gloom.
Avert this Evil, HOPE, this dire Diſtruſt,
This Rivalſhip of Hell, from Friend and Foe.
Avert DESPAIR:---'Tis criminal in Him,
Who can hope Nothing.---The *all-powerful* Arm
Is never ſhorten'd, tho' a while withdrawn;
Ready to yield to *other* Violence;

The

Ver. 214. The Certainty of *Hope* is oppoſed to *Diſtruſt*, as the Certainty of *Faith* is to *Error*: but however they may differ in this Reſpect, they are both alike firm and certain. And as *Faith* eſtabliſheth the Heart, leſt it ſhould *diſbelieve*; ſo *Hope* eſtabliſheth the *Affection*, leſt it ſhould *diſtruſt*.

Ver. 246. Qui nil poteſt ſperare, deſperet nihil. SENEC. Med.

The Violence of *Pray'r*; to HOPE, and Pray,
Inſtruct the Son of Sorrow; ſtill to pray,
And ſtill to hope:---but from the lifted Hand
Snatch the drawn Dagger, trample on the Rope,
And ev'ry Coward Inſtrument of Death:
Send down to Hell the ſad *Reſolve*:---for *There*
It cannot hurt: No; Execution *There*
Would be a Bleſſing; when ten thouſand Years,
Ten thouſand Thouſand were expir'd: but *Here*,
Is complicated Murder; which no *Pray'r*,
No Effort of Repentance can atone:
The *Grave* prays not; and *Penitence* in Hell,
If it comes *ever*, comes a Day too late.
This Inſtant, ſave the Wretch.---The Wretch is ſav'd,
If He looks up;---tho' bit with ſharper Tooth,
More *fiery* Venom, than what *Iſrael* felt
On *Edom*'s Borders; when, with hopeful Eye,
They on the *Brazen Serpent*, typal Sign,
Look'd, and were heal'd:---With eager Joy, the Soul,
Emerging from the viſionary Pit,

Ver. 250. LUKE xviii. 1.

Catches faſt hold thy *Anchor*; and intent
On Life, on Good, waits the To-morrow Dawn:
Nor waits in vain,---enjoys it,---and, with all
The Raptures of Devotion, bleſſeth GOD.
The Soul, the Spirit of *Religion*, Thou,
Whoſe Aid I aſk, whoſe Aid my conſtant Pray'r.
Thou com'ſt; and mounted on thy truſtful Wing,
I ſoar a Height no *Pegaſus* can reach,
Wrapt in extatic Bliſs.---I feel no more
The envious Pangs of diſappointed Views,
Built on the Courtly Promiſe of a Smile;
The Contumelious Tongue of Ignorance,
Or Malice, with her falſe inventive Wit:
I feel no more the haughty Inſolence
Of Obligation, to the ſordid Purſe
Of ſome Inferior; or (yet more ſevere,)
The Cruel Mercies of the *ſeeming* Friend.---

All

Ver. 273. Hæc Dea quam multos laqueo ſua colla ligantes,
Non eſt propoſitâ paſſa perire neces!
Me quoque conantem gladio finire dolorem
Arguit, injectâ continuitque manu. Ovid. de Pont. l. 1.

So TIBULLUS:

Jam mala finiſſem letho, ſed credula vitam
Spes fovet, & melius cras fore, ſemper ait. Eleg. l. 2.

All ſink beneath my Daring; while, ſuſtain'd
By Thee, kind HOPE, in Energy of Thought,
I tread the Pavement of the Starry Sky,
And, ſweet Communion! correſpond with Gods.
And fain would I dwell *here*.---Such ſolid Joy
Thou giv'ſt, that Heav'n, methinks, can give no more,
Save Immortality.---But, gentle Maid,
Let me deſcend, with piteous Heart, to warn
The *Blunts*, the *Struts*, the *Cowards* of the Age.
Calm, hopeleſs, Devotees to Sin and Death!
Souls, dark, as Noon of Night! Oh! that they were
As ſilent too!---but to gain *Proſelytes*
Dev'liſh Ambition prompts.---O liſten not,
Unwary Youth, to the ſmooth oyly Speech,

Ver. 287. Ipſe licet Sol alta petat———
Altius ipſe viam ingredior, quodcumque creatum
Infra me jacet——— VIDA Hymn. Sp. Sanct.

Ver. 290. ———juvat ire per ipſum
Aëra, & immenſo ſpatiantem vivere cœlo.
MANIL. l. 1.

Hæc dices, memini, patria eſt mihi;
Hinc ortus, hîc ſiſtam gradum.
BOET. l. 4. metr. 1.

Ver. 295. Theſe Words ſound ſo like *Proper Names*, I fear, they may give Offence: but I know not how to help it; for I cannot ſay that I deſire to change them.

Dreſt in the ſpecious Form of Argument;
It will inflame your fev'riſh Souls, and prove
More fatal than the fawning Harlot's Smile.
Follow theſe Guides, They lead you to a Gulph,
Much deeper than the *Grave*, and plunge you in
Remorſeleſs.—They, who are not to be mov'd
By the affecting Joy that HOPE prepares
For the bleſt Converſants with Deity,
Here and hereafter.—No; it is their Scorn.——
More ſcornful yet, e'en to the Teeth of Heav'n,
They jeering mock the threaten'd Oppoſite.
As if their wayward Fancies could dethrone
Omnipotence, and wreſt the vengeful Sword
From the red Arm of Juſtice.——Extreme Bliſs,
In the indiſſoluble Chain of Things,
Muſt end in an Extremity of Woe.
For whom prepar'd? For All, who to the Pit
Go down, unreliſhing Salvation; All,
Who make a fancied *Covenant with Death*,
And ſeek vain Refuge in their *lying Hopes*.

And

Ver. 320. ISAI. xxviii. 18. JOB viii. 13. —xi. 20. —xxvii. 8. PROV. xi. 7.

And hear they Us, or hear they not, more ſoft,
Or ſmoother Things we preach not, cannot preach.
Ye take too much upon you, KORAH cries.—
Too much indeed, for Thoſe, who ſtill affect
The ſcanty *Morals* of blind Paganiſm.
Wear'ſt Thou, *Ingratitude*, a deeper Dye?
Yet let them own, if but to *Nature* juſt,
The Dictate of *unchriſtian* Nature, *This*.
That Spiritual Inmate, Spark of Deity,
That which *controuls and forms* the *Lot of Life*,
The SOUL, to nobler Purpoſes was giv'n,
Than to enjoy unſatisfying Bliſs,
In this half-furniſh'd State: Does ſhe not pine,
Fetter'd, confin'd, ungratified, unbleſt;
Fraught with ſtrong Paſſions, that no Object find;
And wrung with Faculties, that have *no* End,
To anſwer them, in Nature; was Man doom'd
To ſtrut his fleeting Hour upon the Stage
Of this gay World, and be for ever loſt;

No

Ver. 330. From SALLUST: *Dux atque imperator vitæ mortalium eſt animus.* Bell. Jugurth.

No more to ſuffer, and enjoy no more.
What elſe does this great *Nature*, this their God,
Deſign in vain? Look the Creation round,
And give an Inſtance.---There is none.---Why then
This *Hope*, Theſe Aſpirations of the Soul
For future Good?——Proof riſes upon Proof.
Perhaps, no Proof to them; who *feel* it not.---
Speak plain----They *will not* feel it. *Vice* obſtructs,
And *Self-Conceit* hugs the Obſtruction, dear
As Life, and with as watchful Zeal maintain'd.
And ſtrange! not *Revelation*'s ſelf can clear
The viſual Day of theſe blind *Phariſees*;
Who *ſee but what they pleaſe*;: no Argument,
In well-recorded Miracle; no Truth,
Above their narrow Ken; no Grounds for HOPE,
Or in the Prophet's, or Apoſtle's Page.
Fountain of HOPE! Ineſtimable GOOD!
Dwells

Ver. 338. *Multis ſignis natura declarat, quid velit, ac quærat, ac deſiderat; obſurdeſcimus tamen, neſcio quomodo, nec ea, quæ ab ea monemur, audimus.* CIC.

Ver. 352. *Nihil vident, niſi quod lubet.* TER. Heaut.

Dwells there in Heaven ſo great Benevolence
For Man, plung'd deep in Ignorance, and long
Bewilder'd in inextricable Doubts;
Thus with the Beams of *Light Divine*, to drive
The horrid Dark? Thus cure the ſtubborn Ills,
Primæval Diſobedience introduc'd,
And blind Self-Will kept rankling in the Heart?
His Thanks, His Praiſe, the higheſt Gratitude,
Then higheſt, when moſt humble! cannot reach
The wond'rous Bleſſing, undeſerv'd, unſought.
Where the great CICERONIAN Genius fail'd,
Shall *modern Moraliſts* a Conqueſt boaſt?
And *Reaſon*, hoodwinkt *Reaſon*, *Theirs* alone,
Be deem'd ſole Guide to Truth?—Let Them aſſume,
From *willing* Audience, Honours *not their own*;
Chriſtians, tenacious of their better Hopes,
Scorn, pity, and condemn them; not unheard,
Tho' heard with painful Ear;—"*Futurity!*
"*'Tis All a Dream*, ſay they; *we yield to Death*,
"*Becauſe*

Ver. 358. O quam cæcus ineſt vitiis amor, omne futurum
Deſpicitur, fruadentque brevem præſentia fructum!
CLAUD. Eutrop. l. 2.

" *Becauſe we muſt, not Makers of Ourſelves.*
" *And what is* Death, *but an eternal Sleep,*
" *Within a Bed of Duſt?*" --- Unhappy Choice,
Of HOPE, inverted by Abuſe of Thought!
Or rather the Mad Sallies of the Mind,
Whoſe Avenues, by Guilt, to Thought are ſhut!
But fear they not indeed, the ſenſeful Dreams
That in this fancied Sleep of Death *may* come?
Aſk the Phyſician, aſk the Boſom Friend;
Or wait the Tell-truth Hour, when *Conſcience*, rous'd
By the ſtern Threats of double-darted Death,
Before them ſpreads the well-kept Regiſter;
And ſomething They *do* fear; --- ev'n *Hobbs* did fear.
How vain all Efforts, then, to *ſeem*, with more
Than Philoſophic Pride, at *future* Joy
Not raptur'd, nor with *preſent* Fear depreſs'd?
'Tis Heav'n's Decree, courageous HOPE, that *Fear*,
Reverſe of Thee, ſhould pierce with ſharpeſt Sting,
The ſtubborn Breaſt, tho' mail'd in triple Steel,
That ſcorns thy dewy Balm --- Ah! wretched State!
Wretched in Life, in Death, for ever Wretched!

Where

Where Thou, (as ancient Poets erſt have ſung)
Thou, the ſole Conſolation left on Earth;
When the Celeſtial Regents puniſh'd Man
For Sins enormous; and the *Virtues* fled
The guilty World, abaſh'd; where Thou, *then* deem'd
An equal Recompenſe for all the Ills,
Show'r'd from *Pandora*'s baleful Box, art loſt,
Giv'n to the Winds, with all thy promis'd Joy,
By reckleſs Man, triumphant in his Loſs!
Poetic Fiction call they This, who will:
The Word of Life, the Word of GOD, confirms
Thy Bleſſings, and thy glorious Promiſe ſeals,
With ſuch a Signet, as no human Art

Ver. 393. ——— O cæca nocentûm
Conſilia, O ſemper timidum ſcelus.
STAT. Theb. l. 2.

Ver. 400. Μόνη δ' αὐτοῦ ἐλπὶς ἐν ἀῤῥήκτοισι δόμοισιν
Ἔνδον ἔμιμνε
HESIOD. Di. & Op. l. 1.

Ἐλπὶς ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μόνη θεὸς ἔσθλη ἔνεστιν,
Ἄλλοι δ' ἄλυσιν δ' ἐκπεφολίπασιν ἔσην.
THEOGN. l. 1131.

Hæc Dea, cum fugerent ſceleratas numina terras,
In Diis invisâ ſola remanſit humo. OVID. de Pont. l. 1.

Can counterfeit, nor Time itself erase;
The same to Day, for Ages still the same;
Thou, *one*, *good*, *blessed*, *lively*, *saving*, HOPE!

Ver. 413. EPHES. iv. 4. LAM. iii. 26. 2 THESS. ii. 16. TIT. ii. 13. 1 PET. i. 3. ROM. viii. 24.

END of the FIRST BOOK.

ADDENDA, &c.

Ver. 32. *Morderi eſt optimum conſcientia poſt commiſſum facinus.* Cic. Tuſc. 3.

Ver. 34. *Morbi perniciesiores pluresque ſunt animi quam corporis.* Cic. Tuſc. 3.

Ver. 37. ——Quid, pœna præſens, conſciæ mentis pavor;
Animuſque culpâ plenus, & ſemet timens?
Scelus aliqua *(mens)* tutum, nulla ſecurum tulit.
Sen. Hip.

Ver. 46. ——*Sed cum uti in* Timæo Platoni (inquit *philoſophia*) *noſtro placet, in minimis quoque rebus divinum præſidium debeat implorari, quid nunc faciendum cenſes, ut illius* ſummi boni ſedem *reperire queas? Invocandum* (inquam) rerum omnium patrem; *quo prætermiſſo, nullum ritè fundatur exordium.* Boet. l. 3.

Ver. 100. ——Sapienti *nihil poteſt videri magnum in rebus humanis, cui eternitas omnis totiuſque mundi nota ſit magnitudo. Nam quid aut in ſtudiis humanis, aut in tam exiguâ vitæ brevitate* magnum *ſapienti videri poteſt?* Qui, *&c.* Cic. Tuſc. 3.

Ver. 106. Non ego divitias dando tibi plura dediſſem:
Divitis ad manes nil feret umbra ſuos. Ov. Tr. 5.

Ver. 145. Spes heu! fallaces, oblitaque corda! caducum
Mortali quodcunque datur! Sil. Ital. Bell. Pun. l. 7.

Ver. 146. *Hæc igitur, vel imagines veri boni, vel imperfecta quædam, dare bona mortalibus videntur, verum autem* & perfectum bonum *conferre not poſſunt.* Boet. l. 3. pr. 9.

Ver. 191. ——Et nunquam queruli cauſa doloris abeſt.
Ov. de Triſt. l. 3.

Ver. 220. *Inſtilles auribus cogitationibuſque quotidiè meis Pythagoricum illud,* Ἕπου Θεῷ. Boet. l. 1. pr. 4.

Ver. ib. *Confitendum eſt ſummum Deum, ſummi perfectique boni eſſe pleniſſimum, ſed perfectum bonum veram eſſe beatitudinem conſtituimus. Veram igitur beatitudinem in ſummo Deo ſitam eſſe, neceſſe eſt.* Boet. l. 3. pr. 10.

Ver.

Ver. 246. Miſerrimum eſt timere, cum ſperes nihil. SEN. in Troad.

Modo liceat vivere, eſt ſpes. TER. Heaut.

Οὐ γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίσι
Πέποιθεν αἰεὶ· τὸ δ' ἀπογιγνώσκειν ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ. EURIP. Herc. fur.

Ἐλπὶς χρὴ πάντ' ἔπειθε· τῷ γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν ἐλπὶς
Ῥᾴδια πρήγματα θεῷ τελέσαι, καὶ ἀμήχανον οὐδέν. APOLLOD.

Ver. 250. *Nec fruſtra ſunt* in Deo poſitæ ſpes, precesque; *quæ cum rectæ ſint, inefficaces eſſe non poſſunt.* BOET. ad Fin.

Ver. 263. Ἄνθρωπος ἀτυχῶν σώζεται ὑπὸ τῆς ἐλπίδος. ——— MENAND.
Θαρσεῖν χρή, φίλε βατᾶ, τάχ' ἄριον ἔσσεται ἄμεινον. THEOCR. Idyl. 4.

Ver. 316. Quæ cum ita ſint, de malorum quoque inſeparabili pœna dubitare ſapiens nequeat. Nam cum bonum malumque, item pœna & præmium adverſi fronte diſſideant, quæ in boni præmio videmus accidere, eadem neceſſe eſt in mali pœnâ contraria parte reſpondeant. BOET. l. 4. pr. 3.

Ver. 338. Naturam, optimam ducem, ſi ſequamur, nunquam aberraviſſe. CIC. Offic.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dicit. ——— JUV. Sat. 14.

Ver. 389. ——— Procidem ſpondere ſacello
Balantem, & laribus criſtam promittere galli
Non audent. Quid enim ſperare nocentibus ægris
Conceſſum? Vel quæ non dignior hoſtia vita? JUV. Sat. 13.

Ver. 393. ——— Væ miſero mihi!
Ut animus in ſpe, atque timore huc uſque attentus fuit!
Ita, poſtquam adempta ſpes eſt, laſſus curâ, confectus ſtupet!

Alas me! how was my Mind, before this, paſſion'd alternately with Hope *and* Fear: *But now, ſince all* Hope *is loſt, it ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with* Care, *and* Grief incurable.

Conſcia mens ut cuique ſua eſt, ita concipit intra
Pectora, pro facto ſpemve metumve ſuo. ——— OV. Faſt. I.

So our excellent Poet DRYDEN:

This *Conſcience* is the *Teſt* of every Mind,
Seek not thyſelf without thyſelf to find. PERS.

And our inimitable SHAKESPEAR:

Thus *Conſcience* doth make *Cowards* of us all. HAML.

Tho' I muſt own I have heard this Line condemn'd; not injudiciouſly; becauſe, where it ſtands, it is liable to be miſconſtrued.